The author Chellapilla Kameswara Rao is a Ph.D. in Mechanical Engineering and worked in BHEL R&D and in various Engineering colleges as a professor, principal and Dean R&D. He wrote five poetry books, with a pen-name Sumanasri, such as Rakta Netrodayam, Reppala Madhya Aakasam, Geetham Puneethamauthundi, Netram Naa Sanketham & Mahaa Swapnam in Telugu and his poetry is well received, critically analysed and discussed. He also became a famous critic writing critical essays on his senior and contemporary poets and were published in literary columns of well circulated news papers evoking lot of interest and response.

His literary essays were collected and published in three volumes named as Kavitwam Oka Atmaghosha, Ajantha Lipi and Vimarsa Oka Anveshana. After 2000 he started writing poetry directly in English and many of these poems are published in poemhunter.com. His book Netram Naa Sanketham is translated by Late Sri Vadali Mandeswara Rao as Eye My Symbol. His poems written directly in English are collected in the poetry collection named Existential Aerial Conversations.

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Chellapilla Kameswara Rao
(Sumanasri)

EYE MY SYMBOL

Transalated From Telugu by (Late) Vadali Mandeswara Rao

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Eye My Symbol

A Post-Modern Long Poem

By

Kameswara Rao Chellapilla

Translated from Telugu

by (Late) Vadali Mandeswara Rao

Ramana Sumanasri Foundation Publication

Spectacle 1

There is none on the road, my eyes and me excepted.
Waving their hands and discussing history are lined
with forts and temples on either side of the road.

From somewhere the smell of a fried roti
carried by a gentle breeze greets
The musafirs step in with the balmy dreams
of the morning; but what a pity,
my country is not able to present
anything but stretches of burial grounds.
In our capital town on all the four sides are
cemeteries which are the only places of pilgrimage.

All around the corpses are built towering flats
for people to live in seclusion..

In my country living corpses walk on the roads.
They rest on the footpaths and sigh,
taking position in shady corners.
Not knowing how to take a deep breath
refreshing the lungs, they look worried.
They emit mouthfuls of despondent notes.
But hope does not get extinguished.
Whoever knows what naught look greets on the road,
what bloodshot eye suddenly gnaws at the heart's nerves,

or what foreign body in the eye teases
as a whirlpool in the mind!
Everything has to be sought on the highway of tears!
I peep into every cave like house,
at every turn at the end of a street,
into the waters beneath every bridge,
and into every stream of a palpitating heart!
My alert eyes record every look in silence.
I am weighed down by these heart rending sighs.

* * * *

Living as they do in the memory lane,
the Kavyas assault me from the cupboards.
I am eagerly on the look out for palatable juicy poesy on each page.
As I step into the bus, the poem carries the freight of the jerks
thrown out by the uneven ground;
and feelings start hopping before my eyes,
delicately knocking at my heart.

Poetry is extending a sly invitation asking me
to walk into its naked waters.
Golden moments are slipping away
in waiting at the bus shelter.
The wobbling hand bag is mocking at
the fading concentration in my eyes.

My eyes are locked up in the gaze at the city
and not a moment is left for poetry.
What is there to see in these antique structures?
What is now left to witness in this
once hallowed ground where lovely looks
of charming maids and princess,
gambolled merrily,
except gardens with faded flowers,
and marble statues whose one time beauty
we have to concoct.

Lovely statues are on the move
in colourful horse drawn coaches.
To see faded beauty on palsy stricken faces
is very like deluding oneself into thinking
that evening is the harbinger of daybreak.
It is dreaming of light in hopeabandoned darkness.

Who is a musafir:a pedestrian who dissipates his time and energy
in procuring heaps of multicoloured pebbles;
who grabs at an old rusty brass utensil with gusto,
who hoards broken pieces of glass
And snail shells rejecting life-breathing and wholesome crystals?
Oh, guileless, naïve human!
blessed with eyes sans a heart,

and a nose without a soul,
what is there to relish in these structures
except unremitting stink?
Oh, you seeker of abstract beauty
from a distance lest it be defiled!

Look into the very heart of the limbs
moving in lovely contours!
There in these faces of lovely hues
dwells lasting heavenly beauty.
The movement of the eyelids unlock
the beauties of the wonderful sunrise.
Every blossoming flower is a colourfull design,
flashing enduring fragrance all around.
What is there to see in these spine-broken forts?
Look at the human world raising the banner of victory.
Spilling the daybreak away,
where do you seek gold in spurious dreams?
Come along to the balcony,
Witness the tide merging with the dawn,
and to move on,
opening your heart holding your heart in both your hands
move on and on.

* * * *

Spectacle 2

Here I am in agony. I cannot understand.
I speak in inarticulate tones,
and how can I measure this boundless earth
with any eyes other than yours?
Distanced from you, how many tears can I shed
on this heart which is getting heavier and heavier?
With what magnetic arms can I draw you
to me as you recede from me?
Let countless tears be shed,
and let wounds be dripping blood.
But as long as the last spring lingers
behind your eyes and as long as you
shower your looks on me, there is no death for me.
Being a fountain of inextinguishable light,
I resurrect even if crucified.

Enquire of the trees weakly hanging around,
they will tell you how blazing the sun is,
ask the beggarsìhe chlorophyll
in my branches gets evaporated.

* * * *

Bloodstains on the window are mocking at me.
Cracked glass tumblers are fiercely moaning.
The sky is howling threatening
to impetuously jump on to me.

A sacred waterfall inside me is pouncing on me.
Inside the lawns of my blood and muscles,
and the caves of my skin, the wind is shrieking.
I am involved in a futile search for my own self.
I don't know where I have come from,
not whither I am bound.
My legs are smeared with the blood-stained splinters.

I am breathing, but I am not able to catch up with life.
I cannot steal a look into a co-human's heart.

I don't know how I continue to exist.
My life is like a rivulet, drying up.
Every day is a journey through a perched desert.

As I venture out into the sea of night
holding the moon under my arms,
the waves unceremoniously push me towards the shore.

I don't know what I have been doing the whole day.
The roads are curling up.
Impatient and intolerant as I was,
I found myself absorbed into the multitude.

* * * *

Where should I go this evening?
In which cave should I find shelter?
The train I am in is not on the right track.

It is responding to the call of my tired
Mandakini and is merging with nature.
Though I am in the company of many,
urban civilization has taught me to bedeck
myself with solitude.

The dew floating on the cities is landing on
my eyelids as bounteous flowers.
Peeping out from the window, the flowers are
lazily metaphorising into fruit.
The ageless tide of nature has all of a sudden
rushed into myroom, and stood still and mute.

* * * *

Though in solitude, I am at peace with myself.
In spite of whirlpools beneath, my waters are still.
Don't drop dreams into my sleep.

My heart is now like a sacred pond.
I am resting my head among crocodiles.
Pray, don't disturb my stolen sleep.
In spite of desires in my innermost being,
they are just like cobwebs hanging on the wall.

I have proclaimed peace on my own.
I have put my limbs in shackles.

I have learnt to stifle volcanoes and
to consume ear thquakes.
I am carrying on a fierce battle
against strife in my country.

With invisible fetters I have restrained
my zest for silly flirting and mango fruit.

Though in solitude, I am at peace with myself.
I have banished anger and anxiety,
I derided the balmy breeze and bathed under waterfalls.
Looking at my image in the waters,
I have bedecked my neck with twilight's
at the daybreak and sunset.

My voice has lost its way in the invisible visions.
Pray, do not metamorphose my dreams into serpents.
* * * *.

Now I am like a boat anchored between her eyes,
Between the wings of a bird, between two tiny hands,
Between the arms of two wide worlds,
Between the looks of the deep blue sky,
Between two marble vessels holding the secrets of the universe,
Between her concealed chest and the sky,
I have on my own fettered my hands,
What are the idols it has witnessed in caves beyond the human ken?
What are the orange fruit it has skinned!
A secret rivulet is flooding my inner being,

In solitude, feeding on the wind,

I imprisoned myself between her two eyes and lay down to rest,
I have for this day given up my boat journey.

Spectacle 3

My eyes narrate
misfortunes of the blood stained cloth
thrown up by centuries-old topsy-turvy history
from depths of the sea of human tears
My eyes reflect
the imbecility of the human mind
which like a magnificent tree is tossed a -top of a mountain
in a lifeless desertlike impartialistic
frame losing its hold on the earth and hugging death.

Look straight: Pin your looks straight into mine.
Now we are looking for something in each other's eyes.
In mute silence we are digging deep into the secrets
of the unbroken history of our dear dear ones,
lost in their way somewhere, sometime inthe past.

We are having a tete-a-tete in silence.
Together with bated breath tasting sweet torture,
we chit-chat with our eyes.
Silence is born of verve; and in silence
we voraciously grab experiences too deep for words,
delicately stabbing each other with dagger looks.

With looks bathed in serenity watch my eyes, my lips,
my hair, and these pasture dropping petals of my eyelids.
Whatever cannot be articulated is true feeling
and experience unperturbed deep waters
of silence buys up its truth.

Come along, sit here,
delicately touching my hand and my forehead.
Pray, be pleased to welcome and accept
this experience in silence.

* * * * *

The inexplicable perfume of talcum powder
from somewhere fills the air.

Ear rings and hair pins have become musical.
Cheeks and jasmine buds are dissipating scent showers.
Sweet odors have settled down weaving garlands in my presence
My easy chair has thrown off its shirt
exposing itself to the breeze.
My eyes have become dreamy.

It is not surprising that the heart loses a beat
when the dance halts abruptly.
The front yard has just been sprinkled with water,
the neem branches have started brushing their teeth,
and the twigs that have been waiting all night with dreamy eyes,

have been sprayings fistfuls of pollen all over my body.
The cool, lively breeze has become communicative.
It is inviting me to the fields, the trees,
to the messy cluster of tamarind trees,
to the bright rows of coconut groves, and
to the long beaks of snow white cranes lined up in the ponds.

The jasmine flowers have been swept off the floor,
but the faded ones continue to beckon me.
Hunting for eyes that provoke dreams,
my lust sprints into fields and meadows.
* * * * *
It is day break.
The stains of the night continue to hang on
to the lining of the sky -canvas.
The window is bathed with showers of light.
Last night's hunger continues to dazzle before my eyes.
Hunger which had wrenched life from my eyes,
continues to knock at my heart.
I am once again left in solitude in the bloodless state.
Night with its glistening dark tresses of flowing hair
has taken possession of me like a dull opiate.
It has bathed my seclusion in its lasting youth.

I pity the stomachs that have not tasted hunger.
People detest me as I gulp down whatever Kanji is ready at hand.

Nature enlivens me every day. With my invisible sweet heart,
I loiter watching the starry sky and the moon,
I sniff the fragrance of that red, red rose,
the diurnal blossoming sun.

Again and again I await the touch of the night.
Lighting red flames before my eyes, I keep awake.

My hands dream of flames, and whatever wall rubs against them,
gets soaked in bood red revolutionary slogans.
Touch my eyes, they spit fire.
Unabating fire, sprinkling thunderbolts in all directions,
rains in my eyes and fills my heart.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Solitude—is my delusion.
Peep into any dark corner, there are signs of billions of
my people with fire-lit eyes, smelling of hunger.

Yes, we are all experiencing collective torture.
In this land, this vast stretch of pitch dark midnight sky,
do we long for several suns to awake and arise?

We shall design our own songs of revolution.
We shall rescue ourselves from bondage of all hues.

Spectacle 4

Yes, facts continue to be so.
You and I aren't in reckoning.
They need, the couch we've discarded after rough use,
the television sets and the telescopes we are tired of viewing,
the autobiographical tales we have scribbled
and consigned to the dust bins,
the jasmine flowers we have sniffed
and thrown away and they also need,
the sexy narratives of Madana Kamaraju we have cast away.
But you and I are n't in reckoning.

They don't bother whether we have wholesome air to breathe,
whether we have at least a morsel a day to taste,
and whether our fatigued minds are recovering
from the recurring daily battles of life.
No, they care little, very little.
They examine our blood and abscesses, but don't touch
the innermost recesses of our hearts.

Yes, these strange sparks thrown out under these circumstances,
continue to be so.
Your selfishness is yours,
and so is mine - says the world.
While alive, you and I are not in reckoning.
But after our death, glorious monuments are raised.

Bronze statues appear on the highways.
Journals celebrate death anniversaries.
Imagining the posthumous luxuries awaiting us,
we have to pardon them for the present.

The horror of the twilight has to be viewed
in ecstacy so longsawe are alive,
every animate being is there to be pardoned
and whole heartedly loved.

* * * * *

Mute poesy is borne along in water.
My parched well is holding out its arms
to reach out the murmer of the water.

New poetry is engaged in colouri ng skeletons.
It is enjoying with gusto the sculptured beauty
and dancing in the fast drying up rivers.

Leaders are hauling bagfuls of sweet dream cakes
to be distributed for the people.
Texts of lectures from different for a and alluring colourfulsarees
of housewives cannot quench my thirst.
They are not able to help me even with
a spoonful of water down my gullet.
The seas are in high tide, to no purpose.

This saline fraternity is running hither and thither,
shouting and raving, but has gained even a cub its ground.

Pushing back its wavy locks and getting exhausted,
in its exasperation, it says it will spring forward,
and even as it throws a challenge, it collapses.

I may be frequently bruised,
but I can't help loitering among dreams.
I watch with astonishment eyes of different hues.
How I love to watch with deep feeling terrifying eyes,
terror stricken eyes, and blood red eyes!
I treasure them in the secret pages of my memory book.

I recognize nature and the world all around
as a colourful art gallery.
I keenly enjoy the mood captured in every mien.
Life is not all a terrorizing experience.
Nor is it an exhilarating pool of nector.

The real secret is in the searching looks,
and the delicate heart beat which comprehends
the infinite conflicts in the mind.
You will ask me: why do you dote on your eyes?
Why do you get wrenched when you think of eyes?

Look at the innumerably eyes all around
with my sharp and disciplined vision.
You will realize how they reflect myriad spectacles in varied hues.
You will discover how many dreams
they keep on painting in lovely colours.

Who knows how many valuable diamonds are
stored up in these curled up cupboards?
Suddenly eyes light up wonderfully
like the multi-coloured marbles of my childhood days
floating in the water,
like the infant with flower-bud eyes in the mother's arms
trembling in cold weather.

Like a metaphysical seeker of ultimate reality,
I shoot questions into the endless sky,
and eyes show themselves up in infinite forms.

In the midst of these flowers of tears
my life soars to heights,
and seeks depths beyond the human minds' reach.

Spectacle 5

When life itself becomes poesy
every experience of mine becomes a ditty and a verse,
the essence of experience becomes a dream,
a future vision, a rose of my heart,
and a thrill in the midst of nature's sprinkled dew;
my chaste sensibility glides along
as a wave on the sea in the high tide,
and as an offering of time's decanted beverage.

Life isn't to be despised.
Every experience bears a new leaflet, leaving its autograph on yo
forehead.
In the highways of my country where jungle culture prevails,
life becomes a struggle and breath
gets wrecked between bullets.
Abhor corpseike existence, better brave bullets defying despotic
devils,
and when the inflammable stomachs surge as a confligaration,
ushering in the new light of daybreak
that is a sign of life, of the existence of human mind.

Every nerve of mine pulsates and listens
to the kiskis language of the sparrow on the tree.
It holds captive in its eyes sparks of friction,

wisdom born of suffering,
and the mood of resignation born
and suggestive of despair and despondency.

When life itself becomes poesy,
eventhe wet earth becomes inflammable,
the wasteland in the human firmament becomes
a flowering garden, and knee high thorns get snapped.
The arrogant and imperious buildings lie low
at the feet of earthy folk.

* * * * * * * * *

You will find me whereever two eyes are
in animated conversation.
Eye is my symbol and every spectacle
reverberates my presence.

Eyes bringing down the leaden lids
toss me as in a swing.
Like arrows aimed at a target, they hit my heart,
and like a rainbow blossoming against the sky,
they emit hues all around.

Like a tiny rain drop on a newly born leaf,
like a baby fruit delicately poised on a bough,
like a peacock in majestic gait

spreading out its thousand eyed garden,
eyes mesmerize me,
and my heart gets hanged on their castle gates.

For me eyes mean two oceans.
Feeling the light of the eyes covertly is my daily routine.
Getting softened by the delicate touch of every eye,
I raise my banner of love,
signifying my passionate affection for the two eyes.

Greeting eyes and watching them is
an experience sweet as tasting grape juice.
Like one bathing in intoxication,
like a fly losing itself in tasting a sweet pudding,
the ends of Kajjal smeared eyelids passionately assail me.

In my ecstasy, I cover my self
with silken skirts and flowing upper garments.

* * * * * * * * * *

Poetry is an unstable bird.
When I recline in the shade of trees,
or when sweating as I walk on dry leaves,
she lays her hand on me promising to refresh me.
With her delicate touch she draws me close to her.
The next moment, she leaves me in a desert, bouncing away.

Contemplating her trimly bedecked dark eyes,
I feel delighted, but she never allows me
to look straight into her eyes.

I long to get close to her dainty lips,
but she never greets me with a kiss to my satisfaction.
From among the stars and the swan-like milky clouds,
she profusely extends invitations flapping her wings.

All on a sadden she daintily whispers a few lines
in my ears and goes her way.
And thenbecoming reminiscent of birds
and cleansing their songs,
and growing a beard is all that is left for me in this room.
Pricking my ears on hearing any bird glapping its wings,
has become a habit with me.

Weaving and collecting these thoughts,
rising and collapsing in waters and slumber,
inviting the deep sky and sundry musings,
dreaming and pricking my ears

I keep on murmuring to myself.

May be it is her habit to alight on my shoulders
abruptly like a lovely bird, and then,

within seconds, to disappear giggling.
But the grinding struggle on getting stuck up
between the desert rocks, awaiting the dream music
is the truth known only to me.

* * * * * * * * *

I have started exploring the recesses of the caves
of hunger for a few lines of poetry.
But destitution stretches out like filth,
polluted and stained.

A skeleton drifted out to the lone hill-top
amidst Hussain sagar,
which is guarded on all sides by vultures.

I don't know why, but to me it appears
that poetry committing suicide
smacks of impropriety and obscenity.

I don't know whether it is the poet
that has outlawed the society,
or the society that has treated the poet as an out-caste.
But silence has become the poet's hareem.
Life's ideal has become stony.
The sweetheart's smile now is his sweet chewing pan.
The chiselled sculpture remains a lifeless stone.

It has not been able to present the world
a total distinctive personal identity.

The wailings of the hungry caves,
and the ravings of slogans do not animate poetry.
The world that does not derive its life
from experience becomes ineffective and irrelevant.
My search continues in the groundnut coats
rolling on meadows in summer evenings and
the Lord's wooden sandals in front of the temples.

For a couple of broken poetic lines,
I am filtering the stars
with the sieve of total darkness.

Spectacle 6

Collecting wee bits of sunshine,
I am digging into my experiences.
My tears are all sucked up. Poetry has evaporated.

If I greet any poet, he fancies I am his henchman.
Whatever book I open,
I find it filled with counterfeit poems.

Ever since the revolutionaries migrated in haste to forests,
indifference born of disappointment has taken hold of me.

If I open my mouth in protest,
it ends up as an airy wail.
Imagery transfixed becomes
an alphabetic droplet helplessly
slipping down the glassy walls.
Recurring dreams proclaim that
all the world over poetry is outlawed.

My search for truth knows no barriers.
I left my loved ones to the winds long ago.
I don't have any news about them.
I don't know if they move any young poet.
I meander among gardens to pluck tiny symbols.

But I am faced with the stream of dry leaves.
I am hatching for your sake
the eyes I have c ollected as diamonds.

* * * * * * * * *

You may or may not respect my poetry,
but it is a gloomless stream,
an amazing Niagara rushing in your direction.

It is the moving ditty of an angel
alighting all on a sudden on my shoulders.
It is ultra-modern music emanating
from my raised voice in moments of ecstasy,.

When I am seized of poetry, I become egoistic.
As golden jewels gush out of my throat,
I am amazed even before you are taken aback.

My songs are the summons reaching me
from the flowers rocked by wind.
My alphabet is the greeting
extended to each and every flower.

No sovereign can discover my world.
He can't stand in my presence.

My thoughts are the enticing boats adorned
with red red flowers sailing in my blood stream.

* * * * * * * * * *

Poetry is the life breath of my incomprehensible condition.
It feasts on each and every element of my body.
Unless I gaily converse with somebody,
this hunger can't be satiated.
My heart delivers verses only in moving buses.
Verbal images are invisible
and visible pictures present a mesmeric show.
Strange dreams unveil angels in the stream of poetic lines, and
alphabet maidens find themselves find themselves
locked in my embrace.

I rejoice bathing in freshness, and aim in search of
New breath in the air.
I'will hurl into your hearts lines I have collected with élan,
Where this would become perennial streams traversing
in all directions.

Spectacle - 7

That somebody is waiting for me in the meadows
Is an illusion.
Life ceases to blossom where nature's felicity ends.

When selfishness preys on me, malarial fever visits me.
When haunted by egoism, suicide appears sensible.
The thunderous voice of my inner being
keeps on ringing bells in my bones.

I don't know when poetry embraced me,
but sentences sound oblique in me.
Loneliness in the midst of symbols
adorns itself as impropriety.
My heart yearns every minute
for the fond touch of a fellow human.

Broad mountain reefs thrill me as they greet me.
Unable to tolerate the fiery flames kindled by nature,
in my anguish I murdered my dreams in the sky
in broad day light long ago.
The element of surprise in a sentence is my art,
and today oblique expression adorns me.
Nets knitted with dreams I unroll in all directions.
I have learnt to catch
dexterously the eluding fish of verbal images.

I am this day's ultra modern poet.
While everybody is picking up gold,
I am in search of new symbols
mirrored in broken glass pieces.
I am assimilating exquisite gems of beauty in language.
It is my duty to solicit compassionate fellow feeling.
It is my weakness to spatter poems in all directions.

Pardon me! I am not able to set to tune
your cares and agonies.
Egoism has sown in me seeds of poison.
Today in this castle of merriment,
humanism has hardened as rock.

Even then, how are we different
except in dress, and in visage ? looks ?
If Bhagavat Gita is your prayer book,
Koran or the Bible is mine.
When we all breathe the same sweet fragrance
of these lovely colourful flowers,
where is the hostility between us?

Our misfortune is, we have punished
ourselves with isolation.
Introspection unveils the lovely world before us.
In this country's fields, poets have sprayed beauties in plenty.
Let's co llect them with gusto.
Let us get ready to make sacrifices for that moment
Which joins us together to enjoy the fruits of companionship.
I am adorning with my hands these dense balmy locks
with the daily blossoming flowers.
Ever since I flew to this cold sea,
silence worse than death
has been pursuing me to assassinate me.
Cold wind has been digging up
and throwing icicles in my ears.
My life breath is rolling on the ground
like an ice.

Silence is throwing me up to the sky.
The leaves withering away have cursed me.
As though all the seas are frozen,
as though my blind eye ball is drawing its last breath,
as though the hen is holding up its neck
right beneath the sharp edge of a knife,
this piece of ice is stirring before my eyes.
Thebread slice caught in the water is getting twisted.

They are red skinned and spotted,
their lips are smeared red: these tigers,
like hens, peck at my heart from all directions.
The black and white get mixed up
and dissolved in the frozen snow floatin g in water;
but hardened envy and jealousy
hang invisibly from the sky, and harass me
to embrace silence.

Now I am an imprudent soldier caught in a battle,
a simpleton looking for shade under a dried up tree,
and silence worse than death is stalking me in every street.
The urban civilization controls and keeps me
far from my neighbour's breath rubbing against me.
My white pale face is ablaze with
endless craving for pleasures of the body.

Spectacle 8

Innocence attracts, bearing roses in me.
I am enamoured of acrobatic swimming feats
of whales on the high seas.
I am fond of fish engrossed in
rapturous love underneath a boat.

Rights? Or political murders? - I can't make out.
Struggles or bull fights - I don't know.
Are theySikhs or Caesars?
I detest political devils devoid of humanism.
I hurl these Hitlers and Stalins ogresses into outer space.
Slitting their throats, I consign them to the dark recesses of cold jars.
Arrogant science in the presence of a superb human is but a braying ass,
in lion's garb.Land mines incense the blazing coal mines
in the deepest layers of the earth.
Intellect destroys intellect.
Man vanquishes man. Drawn daggers might sway in dark moments,
but they retreat in presence of morning rays of light.
Their sails get torn in stormy weather.
Innocence playing hide and seek on the faces of little ones challenges me.

The smile of the lovely girl with a pair of locks playing on her face
invigorates me. The multi-colouredbaby fish is pricking my eyes.
Darkness splits the eye corners.Multifarious experiences at night awaken many a dawn in the eyes.

Two bodies in penumbrale light lose themselves in erotic ecstasy.
The serpent couple in coils keep on tasting death for many days.
Rapture in infinite forms is on a dancing spree.
In the kingdom of darkness, dense ecstasy is in the hiding.
Grabbing nocturnal elements, man builds and destroys empires.
The past startles chiselling blood red artefacts before my eyes.
It flings strange dreams in plenty.
Yesterday's stars twinkle in this day's sky.
In the snow covered cave, between consecutive breaths,
the delicate creeper of love extends like the roots
of a banyan tree firmly reaching out to earth.

Emerging from the stones and the earth,
with its innumerable roots, it spreads like the benevolent Ganges
distributing love on the highways of towns.
Feasting in it, people wear love as Kajjal for their eyes,
and Kumkum for their foreheads.

The sparkling baby fish knits my eyes and
Sprinkles rain drops on my tongue. Greeting every little drop of rain,
with lighting eyes, I feast on the night's ecstasy.

Spectacle 9

Why do you gag the spate of thoughts rushing to you?
Giving experiences a verbal outfit is a daunting task.
Capturing eluding sky-high ideas is verily a battle of wits.
Except on occasions when exacting decisions are to be taken,
the mind like a jasmine flower dispenses fragrant thoughts.
Except when treading on razor's edge,
the mind like a child builds castles of ideas.
Even a small wound throws up an ounce of blood.
Holding back thoughts and keeping them in cold storage pushes up
blood pressure.

If made captive and tortured, breath takes leave of the body.
Whatever might be my troubles and sorrows,
I shall never venture to relinquish the palanquin of ideas.
Even in the darkest of nights, I'll not forsake the stars.
In my hurry, I haven't noticed the sky closing its eyelids
or the threatening clouds enwrapping the sky.
In the hope that it will protect my tomb,
I have started off with my wooly puppy of alphabetic eye following me.
I have been nurturing infinite creepers of hope in this vast universe;
and scouting for lightning in the sky,

and getting drenched in the unpredictable rain,
I cool the blood stripes in the eye.

Rain, Oh rain– showering abruptly on the unworthy!

Pouring rain! Flooding and breaching embankments!
You arethe cruelest animal chasing me,
you are the sinister, somersaulting bird keen on
washing away the couple of flower branches on my
tomb of poetry.

I cannot at the moment pardon your rollicking and upsetting
My burial place.

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There is always a craving to caress the white jasmine.
When I wake up at midnight and as I nibble a bun
the snow white flower stirs before my eyes.
Is it the sound of my tumbling down from the cot in the sleep?
It is day break, sleep still evades me.
Many an hour passes off as a new moon night.
This fragrance from a distance tells me
that this day my snow white flower might be on her way here in a bus.
I am now full of hope, big as the deep blue sky:
appreciating my yearning she would
confort and console me.

There she is, coming incredibly sparkling in a white saree!
Tears all on a sudden rush up, and with passion getting on to a palanquin,
rosy lips get cracked.
The flower that has walked into my eyes changes her clothes in my presence,
and like a sculptured form delicately slips on to my chest.
As the flower gets integrated with my eyes,
the wide world lies open before me,
and the dawn gets enlivened with my breath.

Spectacle

Draw a circle and add two dots at the top.
They are my eyes decoratingmy experiences and thoughts on the road.
Draw a vertical line in between.
It becomes my nose,which gets the wind of all human problems.
On either side of the circle draw two coiled rings.
They become the sharp sensitive ears
capable of listening to every heart beat.

Listen to me:Man is by nature given to drawing pictures.
Ability to enjoy life is an alchemic art.
I never felt I was the only one who understand the secret of this world.
That is why I collect the shells on the sea shore with gusto,
and preserve them in a cupboard. The world still allures me,
throwing soap bubbles into my eyes.

Grapes and baby fish are thrown up in my looks.
My mind hasn't ceased to be delicate and responsive.
When I witness a beautifully sculptured figure,
tears well up in my eyes.

When touched by the fragrance of a couple of lips,
my mind gets rocked, intoxicated by jasmine buds.
Long ago I saw in my horrifying dreams:
Reality becoming a dream,
Anarchy and disaster shaping themselves as new symbols,
Truth getting buried, and innocence hanged at the lamp post
in broad daylight.Symbols are getting blurred and mixed up.
Serious thinking is out lawed. Nerves get racked.

To my mind red blood decorative tilak at every door way
Presents itself as the solution.
In place of ornamental green leaves,
garlands of glass pieces are assaulting my throat.
The musician playing on the violin is making an exit,
getting drunk with phenyle.
The frontline revolutionary hero in the forest,
raining fiery arrows is dropping down to the earth.
The devilish chariot drivers areverrunning the skies,
throwing away their weapons among flower beds.
Life is turning out to be tragic,
and the canvas is getting dim and murky.
So long as thoughts snap and heart rending suffering lasts,
fairy tales will be of no avail.

And so long as honesty reigns in my eyes, injustice cann't
survive.

Whenstones turn into flowers, and flowers into lions, subjugating kingdoms,
the new social order chants revolutionary notes.

Moonlight broadcasts the news that struggles and movements will envelop the sky like smoke. The self respect in man's sinews is a Gangetic stream that knows no death even if slain.

A ball thrown to the ground rises to the sky.
Man by nature is a rose bud, but when he revolts he becomes an unsheathed dagger. Chanting words of peace and making men tread red hot coals, would end up in cages getting broken.

The jungle law will be burnt to ashes in the blaze of volcanoes.

* * * * *

In the vain search for giving shape to the anxiety flickering in my eyes
valuable time is lost.
My mind discusses many many farflung things.
In the barking of dogs at midnight
the streets in the town are flooded with a hundred volcanoes.
My country is getting fried in strife.
To wash my diseased eyes, where in this darkness,
can I look for water?

When I get a moment's rest, I look at the highway
just to see if any body is pushing himself in,
if anybody is going to set me free from the bondage of solitude.
Will a pack of peacocks from the rose garden
suddenly storm into my doorway, I wonder!

* * * * * * * *

Collapsing light -houses, and stinking corpselike bodies
are on sentry duty in all the towns in my country.
Autocratic governments, checking the approach of spring,
are filling up the moats with poison filled eyes.

There is a rain of thorns on my foot path.
Statues devoid of finer feelings are tumbling down treading my toes.
A red streak beneath our eyelids is waiting. Come, let us greet!

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The author Chellapilla Kameswara Rao is Ph.D. in Mechanical Engineering and worked in BHEL R&D and in various Engineering colleges as a professor, principal and Dean R&D. He wrote five poetry books, with a pen-name Sumanasri, such as Rakta Netrodayam, Reppala Madhya Aakasam, Geetham Puneethamauthundi, Netram Naa critic writing critical essays on his senior and contemporary poets and were published in literary columns of well circulated news papers evoking lot of interest and response.

His literary essays were collected and published in three volumes named as Kavitwam Oka Atmaghosha, Ajantha Lipi and Vimarsa Oka Anveshana. After 2000 he started writing poetry directly in English and many of these poems are published in poemhunter.com. His book Netram Naa Sanketham is translated by Late Sri Vadali Mandeswara Rao as Eye My Symbol. His poems written directly in English are collected in the poetry collection named Existential Aerial Conversations.

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